

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

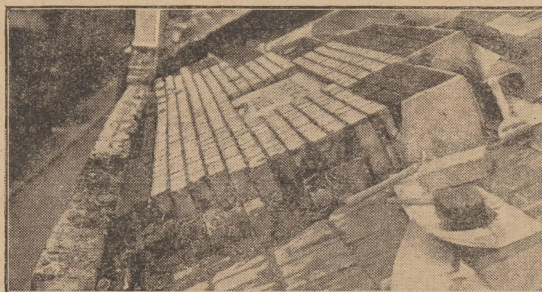
SHIPS AND HOUSES WRECKED IN THE GREAT STORM.



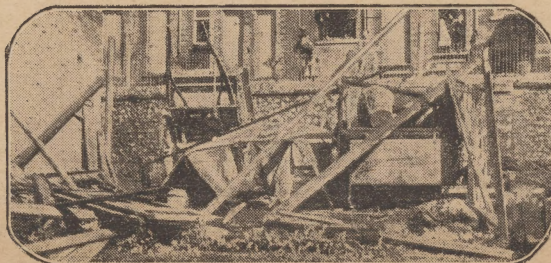
During the terrific gale two vessels were driven ashore near Port St. Mary, Isle of Man. The wreck of the first can be partly seen on the left of this photograph, and the lifeboat is seen standing by the second, the schooner William Berey. Rarely, if ever, has a lifeboat thus been photographed actually at work.



The roof of Henley Railway Station was completely wrecked by lightning during the storm, chimney-stacks were hurled down, and the whole station strewn with debris.



The tremendous force of the gale at St. Albans is strikingly illustrated by this photograph, which shows a heavy brick parapet blown down on to the roof of a house by the wind.



Heavy planks and poles which were blown about like straws by the tremendous force of the wind at St. Albans.



Wreck of the Liburnia, which went ashore near New Shoreham during the great gale.



Crew of the wrecked vessel Liburnia, photographed just after their rescue by the lifeboats.

MARCH 18, 1905.

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carriage paid. Goods
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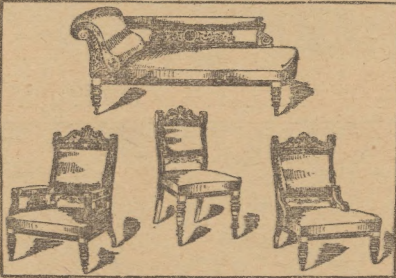
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Well-finished Suite in Pegamoid, comprising: Large-size Couch, 2 Easy Chairs, and 6 Upholstered-Back Small Chairs, all spring-stuffed. Price

£7 7s., or, by Easy Instalments extending over 3 years, without Extra Charge.

20" Write for 1905 Guide and Catalogue, free on mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

Country Orders carriage paid. Goods packed and delivered free.

GREAT BATTLE STILL RAGING.

Japanese Engaged in Crushing Remnants of the Russian Army.

HEAVY LOSSES.

Vivid Stories of the Horrors of the Battlefield.

KUROPATKIN'S RECALL.

The resistance offered by the Russians at Tieling appears to have been more serious than was at first reported, the number of casualties being now estimated at 19,000.

Latest accounts point to heavy fighting still proceeding north of Tieling.

It is believed that the Japanese have cut the railway line between Tieling and Harbin.

General Kuropatkin has been relieved of his command, and left Tieling for St. Petersburg by special train last Wednesday.

His vacant post will be filled, for the time being, by General Linievitch.

BATTLE OF TIELING.

Killed and Wounded 19,000—Capture of 80 Guns Admitted.

PARIS, Friday.—The following message from St. Petersburg appears in the "Petit Journal" to-day: "The Japanese have occupied Tieling, after a battle, details of which are not known. It has, however, been ascertained that a village occupied by the Russians was set on fire by shells, and that General Kuropatkin was once more obliged to abandon stores and baggage, which were burnt. He is also said to have lost eighty guns.

"The newspaper correspondents estimate the number of killed and wounded at the battle of Tieling at 19,000."

The "Petit Journal" correspondent insists on the difficulties of provisioning which will beset the Commander-in-Chief.—Reuter.

OKU LOSES HEAVILY.

Russian Rearguard Accounts for 20,000 of the Enemy.

WITH GENERAL OKU'S ARMY (via Fusan).—The Russian prisoners now number over 45,000.

The killed and wounded are estimated at 100,000. The dead left on the field number 35,000. Fifty-four guns are reported to have been captured.

General Oku's army lost from eighteen to twenty thousand men, and is estimated to have inflicted a loss on the enemy, including prisoners, of 50,000.

The reason why General Oku's army suffered more than the others is that it had to meet the entire force sent to protect the Russian retreat.—Reuter.

STORES BURNED.

Russians Set Fire to Fodder and Provisions Before Leaving Tieling.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, Friday, has been received at the Japanese Legation in London:—

"The railway station and facilities at Tieling are existing on a large scale, rivaling those at Liaoyang.

"Large quantities of Russian provisions and fodder were stored. Nearly two-thirds of them were burned by the enemy."

"Trophies are considerable, but not yet counted. "Prisoners in the direction of our right are numerous. Exact number not yet reported."

OYAMA'S ENTRY INTO MUKDEN.

WITH OKU'S ARMY (undated), via Fusan.—Marshal Oyama and his staff entered Mukden in the afternoon by the south gate. Many troops encamping near Mukden lined the streets, displaying tattered battle flags.

The Chinese officials welcomed Marshal Oyama, and thousands of Chinese were congregated in the streets. The public buildings and other houses are decorated, thousands of Japanese flags being exhibited.—Reuter's Special Service.

NEW COMMANDER.

"Old Wolf of Manchuria" and the Unhappy Kuropatkin.

Bitter indignation has been aroused in St. Petersburg by the curt terms of the notice in the "Official Messenger" announcing the retirement of General Kuropatkin.

No mention is made in it of the distinguished services of the Commander-in-Chief, who has had to encounter difficulties that entitle him to the greatest sympathy. The intrigues and obstacles raised in his way by Alexieff form part of the early history of the war.

In his quarrel with Gripenburg he was also able to justify himself fully, but his opposition of these officers, and of General Linievitch, to whom the appointment of Kuropatkin was a severe blow, has weakened his influence in Court circles.

General Linievitch has now been nominated as his successor, and the question arises—Where is General Linievitch?

According to the "Russ," nothing has been heard of him and his army for some days.

Another account represents him as successfully resisting the Japanese south of Tieling last Tuesday, and afterwards marching into Tieling with flying colours.

General Linievitch, "the old wolf of the Manchuria," as his men call him, rose from the ranks, and is extremely popular with his soldiers. He is now a veteran of more than seventy years, his service dating back to 1855.

NEW RUSSIAN ARMY STAFF.

PARIS, Friday.—The high appointments in the reorganised Russian army, according to the "Petit Parisien," have been definitely arranged as follows:—

Commander-in-Chief: The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolievitch.

Director-General of Military Operations: General Linievitch.

Chief of the Staff: General Sukhomlinoff.

Assistant Chief of Staff: General Sakharoff.

Commander of the First Army: General Baron Kaubars.

Commander of the Second Army: General Gripenburg.

Commander of the Third Army: General Guechemann.

The Supreme Military Council will be composed of Generals Dragomiroff, Grodekoff, Roop, and Komaroff.—Central News.

BATTLEFIELD HORRORS.

Walls of Dead—Field Turned Into a Vast Crematorium.

Vivid pictures of the total discomfiture of the Russians are given in a series of Reuter messages. Over 10,000 prisoners were captured in Mukden, including wounded.

The work of clearing the battlefield of the Second Army to the west of the railway has begun in earnest, the Russian bodies being buried and the Japanese cremated.

The field, especially in the vicinity of Likampu, presents a terrible sight. Fully 2,000 bodies are still on the field at the scene of the fiercest fight. Bodies of Russians and Japanese are mingled indiscriminately in the heaps of corpses.

At Likampu, where there was fierce street and house-to-house fighting, every street, lane, and compound wall has its heap of dead. Many of the buildings were burned, and the wounded who had crawled there for shelter must have been burned to death.

It is believed here the total Russian losses will reach nearly a hundred thousand.

Many outrages were committed in the Chinese city of Mukden during the retreat. It is said that the Cossacks murdered two foreign merchants (Italians) because they refused to give them money.

Russia has sufficient resources to carry on the war until September, announces the Paris correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette." The information is said to be based on official sources, and, if accurate, somewhat discounts the effect of the postponement of the new loan by French financiers.

SCHOOLMISTRESS DEFIANT.

Smiles from a Window Opposite at the Work of a Locksmith.

The deadlock at Shelton village school, between Newark and Nottingham, has advanced a further stage.

The Rev. Dr. Walker, the rector, has obtained an ejectment order against Miss Charlotte Aspinall, the late schoolmistress.

Dr. Walker, in applying for the order, said the managers gave Miss Aspinall three months' notice to quit, which expired on March 1. She still refused to vacate the partially furnished schoolhouse or to give up the keys.

A locksmith from Newark was sent for to pick the lock yesterday, and the school will be reopened on Monday.

HAILSTORMS AND GREAT FLOODS.

Thames Valley Has the Appearance of a Vast Lake.

FINE WEEK END.

Extraordinary weather was again experienced yesterday.

After a few bright hours in the morning, banks of black clouds gathered all round the horizon, and at noon heavy rain fell, continuing, with brief intervals of sunshine, all day.

Between one and two o'clock pelted showers of hailstones fell in the City, strewn the pavements with dancing crystals, some as large as beans.

Fortunately the weather forecast for the week-end is encouraging. "Mostly fair or fine, some local showers," is the Meteorological prediction for today.

MOLESEY THREATENED WITH INUNDATION.

The Thames Valley is literally submerged, the river rising to will over gardens and meadow-land. In the neighbourhood of Chertsey, Sunbury, Walton, and Hampton the stream is immensely swollen, foaming through the locks and weirs that are kept open day and night.

At Molesey the river has risen about 5ft. above summer level, and continues to rise, although it is still hoped that an inundation like that of a few years ago will be averted.

Great loss and damage has been caused by the overflowing of the Mole, one of the tributaries of the Thames, which has submerged many acres of adjoining land at Esher, and caused a cessation of work at several of the mills.

The Hoggs Mill river, another Thames tributary, has also overflowed its banks at Malden and Surbiton, covering fields and meadows with several inches of water.

MANY MISHAPS AT SEA.

Rough weather at sea caused the fine four-masted ship *Museligraig*, from Port Talbot, outward bound, to reach Holyhead on her beam ends, with her cargo shifted.

The crew of the French barque *Fonnabière*, which was wrecked in Dundrum Bay, Co. Down, had a bitter experience. Their ship was driven up the Channel by a hurricane, and her sails were all wrecked away, making her unmanageable.

After she was driven ashore the crew clung to the rigging and were deluged with great seas. All but one were saved.

The Lowestoft fishing-vessel *Gladys* was towed into Penzance yesterday morning and reported that the mate, Charles Harvey, had been washed overboard and drowned.

POLITICAL CARDINAL

Proposes an Australian Tribute of £20,000 a Year for Home Rule.

A very handsome Shamrock Day gift awaited Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Party, at the House of Commons yesterday, in the form of the following cable from Cardinal Moran:—

Cardinal Moran sends greetings of Irish Australia, and proposes the establishment of a Home Rule tribute in aid of the Irish Party of £20,000 a year, to be subscribed by the sea-divided Gael, and guarantees Australia's share.

In the course of the afternoon Mr. Redmond cabled the following reply:—

In the name of the Irish Party I thank your Eminence for your noble message of sympathy and support. REDMOND.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Emperor William and the King of Spain, it is stated, are to meet at Vigo.

The King of Spain has appointed Senor Luis Polo de Bernabe to be Spanish Ambassador in London.

One man was killed and another seriously injured yesterday in a blasting accident at the Sorthedge stone quarry at Brighouse.

Mr. Balfour is spending the week-end at Dover. He arrived by the mail train last night, and is staying at the Lord Wardham Hotel.

King Victor Emanuel, says the "Echo de Paris," is to be awarded a Nobel prize this year for his efforts to establish an International Agricultural Institute.

Unexpected evidence has been given in the Bonmartini trial to the effect that the Count was at the Opera at the hour when he was supposed to have been murdered.

Moonlighters entered the house of a farmer near Rockchapel, Co. Cork, forced him on his knees, fired shots over his head, knocked him about, and made him swear not to deal with certain tradesmen.

THE QUEEN LEAVES FOR LISBON.

Her Majesty Does a Last Kindness Before Starting.

VISITS AN OLD SERVANT.

Her Majesty the Queen, after many delays due to the severe weather in the Channel, started for Lisbon from Portsmouth yesterday on board the royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, escorted by the cruiser *Conwall*.

At noon it looked as if the start of the voyage would be postponed for another day. Unfavourable reports from stations along the Channel continued to dull the hopes of those who were chafing at the delay.

After luncheon, however, the barometer rose suddenly, the sun shone as on a summer day, and at half-past three, amid salutes from the ships in the harbour, the *Victoria* and *Albert* left the South Railway Jetty and slowly made her way out of the harbour.

During her stay at Portsmouth the Queen showed great kindness to a former lady's-maid of Queen *Victoria*.

Hearing that she was settled at Gosport, her Majesty sent for the lady's-maid, entertained her on board the yacht, and gave her a cabin next to her own.

Yesterday her Majesty, accompanied by Princess *Victoria* and Princess *Charles* of Denmark, embarked on the yacht's pinnacle, and, accompanied by the old servant, steamed to Gosport.

Landing at Gosport, the royal party walked to the home of the former lady's-maid. Recognised en route, the Queen returned loyal salutes with a gracious inclination of her head.

Arrived at the house her Majesty went indoors, talked to the children, whom she kissed, and inspected with interest several mementoes of the late Queen.

The return to the yacht was made in the same quiet manner.

HIS MAJESTY BETTER.

The King is making good progress, but he stayed indoors yesterday. Sir Francis Laking saw him in the morning.

His Majesty is able to transact business in the Palace, and has received Lord Windsor and Sir Schomburg McDonnell.

QUEEN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Fall of Mirror in Italian Palace Destroys Many Priceless Works of Art.

Queen Margherita has just escaped a serious accident at Rome.

She came out of the room where she is in the habit of receiving foreign visitors of rank, and was speaking to one of her household, when a tremendous crash was heard.

All rushed to the scene and found that an enormous mirror had fallen, just on the spot where the Queen Mother had been standing, and had broken into a thousand pieces.

It brought down innumerable objects of value—bijevels, china, etc.—and especially a remarkable biscuit service which had been given to the Queen by a foreign Sovereign.

The Queen herself, says the Rome correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette," was almost in tears over the ruin of so many objects, each of which had some special value and significance.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Irish Troubles Again Threaten To Cause Dissension in the Cabinet.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—Largely owing to the powerful pleading of Sir Charles Dilke, the second reading of the Coal Mines Regulation Bill was carried, although no further progress can be made with the measure in the course of the present session.

One of the features of the debate was the maiden speech of Mr. Tom Richards, himself an examiner, who for three-quarters of an hour held the attention of the House in a speech of real eloquence.

There is talk to-night of much trouble having existed at the meeting of the Cabinet this afternoon.

Rightly or wrongly, the belief exists among the Ulster section of the Conservative Party that Mr. Walter Long has made arrangements with Sir Antony Macdonnell, which ensures the latter retaining his present office with practically the same powers as he possessed under Mr. Wyndham's regime.

This, of course, is not at all what the Ulster Unionists anticipated, and they are threatening all sorts of proceedings should the report of Sir Antony's continuance in office prove to be well-founded.

MORE ABOUT THE JAM SCANDAL.

Stores Rot in Stacks as Large as a Church.

WHAT CONTRACTORS SAY.

The fullest investigation into the matter of the condemned Army stores is courted by the firms whose names were mentioned in the House on Thursday night as having supplied the stores in question.

It is contended that, owing to the way in which the questions and answers have been reported, a wrong impression has been created.

"We shall be glad when the time for discussion arrives," said Mr. A. W. Macdonald, M.P., to the *Daily Mirror*, "and hope for the closest investigation."

"Meantime our lips are sealed, as it might be said that the manufacturers were talking to affect the decision."

Messrs. R. and W. Davidson have had no complaint of quality or claim on account of rejections. Bovril, Limited, write to the *Daily Mirror* that they received no complaint from any source; on the contrary, they have been told that their rations were most satisfactory.

Messrs. Duhamel and Co. say:—

"At a final settlement with the War Office our defective tins were under 1 per cent. after the tins had been lying about several months since the conclusion of the war."

Messrs. Moir and Sons and the London Canning Company both assert that the stores supplied by them were sound and good in every particular.

Exposed for Two Years.

The fact that the stores were stacked in the open for periods as long, in some instances, as two years, must further be taken into consideration.

Some of these stacks were yesterday described to the *Daily Mirror* by a gentleman who had seen them, as being "as big as a church."

Exposed to sun, frost, rain, and pilferers, who opened many cases and so further exposed the contents, it is not surprising that stores had to be condemned at last.

Our informant witnessed the examination of one stack of jam. Jar after jar was opened, but the quantity of the sound preserve was very small.

The *Daily Mirror* also obtained a possible explanation of the supply by Australian contractors of tins of jam containing only twelve ounces instead of a pound.

"Reputed" Pounds of Jam.

Inquiries made at the offices of the Australian Agents-General show that in Australia it is the custom to put up jam in tins containing only a reputed pound.

The reason is supplied by the size of the tin plates from which the jam tins are made. To prevent a heavy waste of tin-plate the sheets must be cut so as to turn out tins that will not hold quite a pound of jam.

When supplying these reputed pounds to the Army, it is stated that the Australian contractors only charged for the weight of jam supplied. When a second order was given, and full pounds were stipulated for, the War Office had to pay actually more for the weight of jam supplied, the extra charge being made for the more costly jam.

Needless to say the scandal was the chief topic of conversation in the Lobbies of the House of Commons yesterday.

REGAINING LOST GROUND.

Great Britain Rapidly Forging Ahead in the Motoring Market.

Cordingley's Motor-Car Show, which opens today at the Agricultural Hall, will prove probably one of the largest exhibitions of the kind ever held.

"As compared with the recent exhibition at Olympia," said Mr. Cordingley to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "there are 100 more firms exhibiting, and the greater number of them are British."

"In fact, this show is a real triumph, showing how rapidly English-built cars have rivalled and even superseded those of foreign manufacture in workmanship, durability, speed, and design."

"Not only do we equal France and Germany now as regards touring cars, but we are far in advance of them as regards heavy vehicles."

HORSES IN A FIRE.

Only after great efforts were a large number of horses rescued from a fire which started yesterday at Messrs. Sugg and Co.'s, gas apparatus makers, Regency-street, Westminster.

Before the conflagration could be extinguished ten steamers and nearly one hundred firemen had to be employed. Messrs. Sugg's business will only be partially interfered with.

BULLDOG GAMBLE.

£800 Paid for an Animal Never Yet Shown.

The extraordinary price of £800 has just been paid for a young bulldog called Royal Stone, which has yet to make its appearance in a show ring.

The sale is an interesting one in many ways. The price exceeds by £300 the previous record paid for an unshown dog. The vendor, Mr. Walter Jefferies, also obtained the record price for a shown bulldog when he sold Champion Rodney Stone to Mr. Richard Croker for £1,000.

Royal Stone is a grandson of Champion Rodney Stone. In the language of the fancy he is "a perfect mover, grand cushion, wonderful brislet, extra good in shoulders; he cannot stand wrong, no ticking being required, a dog of whom any man might justly feel proud."

The purchaser of this canine paragon intends to show him at the forthcoming Manchester Show. The experiment is attended with no little risk.

He may sweep the board and so nearly double his market value. On the other hand, the judges may "put him back," and his owners will then be somewhat in the position of having "bought a pig in a poke."

But this is hardly likely. Expert opinion pronounces him a dog even truer to the ideal type than Champion Rodney Stone, and in this opinion Mr. Jefferies, who bred and sold both dogs, is said to concur.

HIS 100th BIRTHDAY.

Senor Garcia, the Famous Musician, Honoured by a Gathering of Distinguished Men.

Accompanied by Senora Garcia and looking a wonderful picture of health, Senor Garcia yesterday attended a reception given in Hanover-square by the Laryngological Society in honour of his 100th birthday.

The famous maestro was accorded a splendid welcome from a company which included Sir Felix Semon, chairman of the Garcia Committee, the Marquis de Villalobar (the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires), Professor B. Frankel (delegate of the

STAGE CONVERTS.

Theatrical Profession To Be Reformed from Within.

DR. TORREY'S DELIGHT.

The English stage is to be "converted." Our theatrical ornaments are not worse than ordinary folks, but the stage has never been remarkable for religious enthusiasm.

Dr. Torrey says his revival has borne remarkable fruit among the members of "the" profession. The case of Mr. Ashlyn, the entertainer, who has cancelled all his engagements on the ground of his conversion, is only one instance.

"There have," said Dr. Torrey to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "been quite a number of conversions among actors, and quite a vigorous crusade has been begun by these men, who feel they are no more called upon to abandon their calling than members of any other."

"Wait," said Dr. Torrey, with characteristic optimism, "wait, and you will see something that will astonish London."

"We have only been six weeks here yet and the result has vastly exceeded our expectations."

Not Come To Denounce Theatres.

"I did not come to London, as was erroneously supposed, to denounce theatres and dancing. I came to preach the Gospel and win souls. Everything is right when a man is right with God. One prominent actor tells me that a determined effort is being made from within to raise the tone of the stage to a Christian standard—surely not a ridiculous thing to attempt in a Christian country!"

Dr. Torrey named a theatre where a start would be made with a sacred play with converted actors, but he could not yet permit publicity to be given to the title of the play.

Rome was not built in a day, and London could not be converted in six weeks; but six months would tell a remarkable tale. The work was now going forward "full steam ahead."

The conversion roll at the Albert Hall comprises 4,000 names of men and women belonging to every class of society.

HYPNOTIC FOOTBALL.

Man Who Claims He Can Mesmerise a Whole Team.

In a small village in Cheshire called Bollington, near Macclesfield, lives a man whose claims to hypnotic skill would abash Du Maurier's Svengali.

Mr. A. J. Harvey is a short, dark man of thirty-six, with prominent eyes, and he told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he had proved again and again his power to stimulate or impair the physical and mental powers of collective bodies of men.

"I discovered my extraordinary faculty," he said, "while I was watching a cricket match last summer. My own village was on the point of being beaten, and I started to exert hypnotic influence upon the opponents."

"Immediately their fielding became less active, and their bowling ineffective, while our batsmen wonderfully improved. And Bollington won."

"Several times this winter I have been able to foretell to my friends which team would win in a match, and the names of the men who would score goals. I would guarantee that any team I took in hand would win any particular game."

"One of the methods by which he would cause the defeat of the opposing players would be the destruction of their 'wind' for the time being. Also they would be unable to kick straight, and constantly miss the ball altogether."

He said he could undertake to determine the issue of a billiard match in the same way. In the coming Roberts-Dawson contest he could so affect either player that he would miss his stroke, and gradually lose all power to control the balls. No animal can resist him long, declares Mr. Harvey, and he can eradicate bad, drunken, and vicious habits from men and women with ease.

TRIUMPH OF SHAMROCK.

Popular Little Sprig Worn by Everyone Everywhere Yesterday.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated yesterday throughout the kingdom. Nearly everyone donned the shamrock.

Lord Roberts, at the Chelsea Barracks, distributed to the Irish Guards the shamrock sent by the Queen, and one of the principal spectators—Brian Boru, a large Irish boarder and pet of the regiment—was proud of his sprigs, daintily done up in green ribbons.

Princess Claiton opened at Seaford House, kindly lent by Lord Howard de Walden, one of the most successful St. Patrick's Day sales ever organised by the Royal Irish Industries Association.

Accompanied by her daughter Princess Victoria, her Royal Highness was received by Lady Londonderry and Lord Arthur Hill.

The Princess spent about two hours at the sale, and made numerous purchases. Beautiful weather favoured the celebrations in Dublin, where the Lord-Lieutenant attended the ceremony of Trooping the Colour and afterwards went to Baldoyle Races. For the first time since the penal laws the sermon in the Roman Catholic Cathedral was preached in Irish.

FAMOUS ACTOR TRICKED.

Mr. Seymour Hicks and the Horns that Came on the Minne-ha-ha.

"I have brought a magnificent pair of Rocky Mountain elk-horns from Sir Charles Wyndham for Mr. Seymour Hicks," said a smooth, gentlemanly stranger at the stage-door of the Vaudeville Theatre on Monday night.

The doorkeeper sent word to Mr. Hicks, who was in his dressing-room, and the stranger was shown up.

He told the distinguished actor that he already paid £1 for their carriage from Denver (Colorado) to New York, a distance of 2,000 miles, and had brought them across the Atlantic on the ss. Minne-haha.

He did not wish for the return of the £1 then, but needed £5 to pay some custom charges and carriage up from Tibbury.

He received the money, and promised to deliver the elk-horns next day, but nothing has since been heard of the man or of Sir Charles Wyndham's present.

In telling the story to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday Mr. Seymour Hicks said: "This is the second time I have been the victim of the elk-horn dodge."

"This time the man was very polished, but accentuated the last two syllables of the steamer's name, thus—Minne-ha-ha!"

COOLIES IN BARBED WIRE.

Mr. Levy intends to ask the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he is aware that a South African mining company has erected a barbed wire fence round its compound, and has covered the whole of the open space in the centre of the compound overhead with a netting.

It will be also give instructions that this form of confinement be discontinued?

GOVERNMENT STORES SCANDAL.



Sorting out the bad and good tins from the big Government jam-stack at Durban in South Africa.

Prussian Secretary of State for Public Instruction), Sir Archibald Geikie (principal secretary of the Royal Society of London).

Senor Garcia was presented with a magnificent portrait of himself, painted by Sargent, and, in expressing his thanks in a speech marked by much emotion, made feeling reference to the Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order conferred upon him by the King.

THEATRE FOR THE NATION.

The Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., will on Monday ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has been requested to grant an annual subsidy towards the permanent establishment of a national repertory theatre.

If so, Mr. Smith would like to know what was Mr. Austen Chamberlain's answer.

FIRST WOOL FROM RHODESIA.

Seven bales of wool from Rhodesia, the first consignment received in England, were recently sold at the Wool Exchange, in Coleman-street, and realised 7½d. per pound.

M.P.s AS "CRIMINAL ALIENS."

How the Anti-English Fever Is Inflamed on the Continent.

When Messrs. John Burns, Ray Lankester, Atherton Jones, and Garnett sent out their circular asking for subscriptions in aid of the sufferers in distressed Poland they reckoned without the Agence Latine.

This agency has seized on the circular as an occasion for a fresh anti-English outburst, and has sent throughout the European Press a curious account in which the Englishmen of the circular are described as "alien criminals."

True patriots are called upon to "shut the door" to these "bandits," and the last words are, "Down with the infamous agitators!"

It is alleged also that the Poles are, as a race, strongly Russophile; and that only Socialist societies, composed entirely of Jews, are making trouble.

Yarmouth Corporation derive the nice little profit of £2,555 from the lettings on the beach for the summer months.

IRISHMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

Amusing Selection from a Budget
of Two Hundred.

KISSES BY WIRE.

About twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; bright, intelligent, was a heartier, with smiling hazel eyes, such as would work into the heart of the susceptible young men of this country.

The country referred to was Ireland, and the learned counsel, who was addressing the Court at Belfast, spoke of Miss Sarah McCullum, whose father is postmaster of Palatine, Co. Carlow. To the cares of his Majesty's mails he adds a "shop and lodgers."

The matter before the Court was a breach of promise action which Miss Sarah, "Cissie," brought against Mr. James Barker, of Dublin, and about 200 love letters were in evidence.

On St. Stephen's night, 1903, Mr. James first came and saw Miss Cissie. He was speedily conquered. On January 4, 1904, he wrote his first letter. The progress of the courtship was illustrated by counsel's readings from the big budget of letters. Here are some extracts:—

I am sending you a tie in exchange for the one I had the cheek to take from you on Sunday week. However, I intend to keep it myself—that is, if you don't mind—and perhaps you will take it on Monday morning in exchange. P.S.—Good morning, Cissie. I forgot to put "Oh, boys first."

To this Miss Cissie replied: "You can keep my tie with my best wishes. Oh, boys, good-morning, sir."

Meaning of Crosses.

In another letter, it was still only January, Mr. James said: "I would send you a kiss by wire, only I would prefer them direct from the battery." "My pen is worse," he wrote in February, "also my ink, as a matter of course. I can't tell you why I love you, but I do. It would be worth twelve kisses at least."

Then followed some crosses, which we all know, said counsel, mean the meeting of two lips.

The lovers became engaged on St. Patrick's Day, 1904, and it was agreed that the marriage should be postponed until April 4, 1905.

Subsequently plaintiff wrote in sympathetic vein, "Are your lips better? I suppose they are since I left." And again, when enclosing "bags of kisses," he apostrophised the Great Southern and "W." rolling stock: "Roll on, last train from Dublin about a quarter past one Sunday. Oh, boy, Roll on, April."

So till the end of the year things went smoothly, but at last, in a letter breaking off the engagement, Mr. James charged Miss Cissie with acting in an impolite way towards his friends, his family, and himself while he was on a visit to Dublin.

Efforts on the part of plaintiff's relations to "make things all right" were in vain. "Even at eleven hours," concluded counsel, "Miss McCullum was willing to forget and forgive, and marry the defendant if he apologised for his conduct."

But he declined, with the result that yesterday the jury awarded Miss McCullum £50 damages for the breach.

MONEY GIVEN AWAY.

Self-Described Inventor of Government Patent
Searchlight in Trouble.

"Well, you can't live in London without money, and they all gave it me of their own free will. I am very sorry to have put you to any trouble." Thus politely remarked Arthur Eddy, a Cardiff chemist, remanded at Bow-street yesterday on a charge of fraudulently obtaining £1,200 from William Francis Clatworthy, of Plymouth.

Pretending, it was alleged, that he had sold a patent searchlight to the Government for £133,000, Eddy had obtained money from various persons. To Mr. Fenwick, Eddy said that he would plead guilty to receiving the money, but there was no intention to defraud.

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or with a liberal allowance for cash. Simply send your address and say you "saw it in the Daily Mirror." The instrument must be seen and heard to be fully appreciated. The popular Metzler is £28 cash or 18s. per month or 4s. 6d. per week. Write for illustrated catalogue.

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PRODIGAL SON.

Magistrate Lectures a Clergyman on
His Duties as Parent.

Mr. Fordham passed some severe strictures on a Church of England clergyman at the North London Police Court in regard to his son.

The lad, Stanley Hughes, of Plimsoll-road, Finsbury Park, who is only fourteen, was in the dock with a young man charged with stealing a bag containing 10s. belonging to a Barnsbury widow.

Mr. Fordham (to the Rev. Mr. Hughes): Can you account for your son associating with a man like the prisoner in the dock?

The Father: I cannot. It is a great grief to me, but I do not live with my family.

Mr. Fordham: Why?

The Father: My stipend will not allow me to keep my family in the part of the town where my work is, and for domestic reasons it is necessary for me to live apart. There are other reasons also. Mr. Fordham asked what the father did towards seeing that his boy was brought up properly.

The Father: I provide for my family, and have done my best.

Mr. Fordham: It seems a shocking thing that such a man—a minister of the Church—should be content to let his children grow up without proper control.

The magistrate said the father might have attended to the lad's physical needs, but not to his moral training. He did not know much of ecclesiastics, but he would be surprised if the Bishop approved of the conditions of domestic life which had been disclosed.

Mr. Holmes proposed to arrange for the boy to be sent to Canada, and he was remanded.

MLE. ADELIN GENEV.



The famous dancer, now appearing at the Empire Music Hall, who has been subjected to much annoyance by a woman who has for two years been impersonating her.

TRADE IN HAIR.

Other People's Tresses Wanted by Ladies
Who Sigh To Be Smart.

Dealers in human hair are working at high pressure to meet the extraordinary demand brought about by the new fashion known as the Coronet plait.

To make this plait, which is placed on the top of the head coronet fashion, long lengths of hair are required, and few ladies, comparatively speaking, are favoured by Nature with an adequate supply of their own to make the plait naturally.

"The consequence is," as Miss Unwin, of the well-known firm, Unwin and Albert, informs the *Daily Mirror*, "everybody is buying Coronet plaits."

Their price? From 15s. up to three and four guineas—up to any price almost."

The *Daily Mirror* observed yesterday in a suburban draper's Coronet plaits at 2s. 11d., and understands that the imitation article may be bought at even a lower figure.

It is remarkable that with all this demand for human hair the supply remains good.

Most of the hair comes from the Continent, the well-endowed damsels of Southern France being specially willing to part with their long and glistening tresses.

BURGLAR'S BUSINESS INSTINCT.

Frederick Merry was his name, and merry were his manners when he was charged with burglary at Swindon in company with Daniel Lawson.

Both prisoners were committed for trial, but treated the charges with levity.

"Don't keep us fooling about," said Dawson, "I want to get back to my work."

ON "GRATIFICATIONS."

Strange Revelations in An Ex-
Detective's Slander Action.

"SHADOWER" SHADOWED.

"Gratification," not "tip," is the proper description of a monetary offering made to a policeman.

That was one of the lessons of yesterday's proceedings in the McCarthy v. Curtis slander case opened before Mr. Justice Darling.

The whole case turned on the subject of "gratifications." Mr. John James McCarthy, formerly detective-inspector in the Metropolitan Police, says that Mr. David Curtis, bookmaker, of Paddington, wrongfully accused him of accepting "gratifications"—in the shape of money, cigars, and drinks—and that through this accusation he was dismissed from the force by Scotland Yard.

One evening in December 1903 Inspector McCarthy noticed that a man was following him. Suspecting felonious intent the inspector confronted him. The man refused to account for his movements, so the inspector took him to the station for loitering. Here it was discovered that it was a policeman in plain clothes that had been arrested.

What lay behind this little comedy soon became apparent. The man had been ordered to watch the movements of his superior officer.

One of the chief reasons for the watching was this, so it is alleged:—Mr. Curtis, the bookmaker, had said to officers of the F Division, of which Mr. McCarthy was inspector:—

"Your new governor is hot. He had £12 or £14 out of me, and now he wants me to stand him a dinner at the Cafe Monaco."

The bookmaker had also said:—

"Your governor is in that pub. He has had £12 out of me in three months."

At a later date Mr. Curtis said:—"I have spent £6 on Mr. McCarthy in drinks and cigars."

"Dismissed and Disgraced."

After an inquiry at Scotland Yard Mr. McCarthy was dismissed. "I left the room dismissed and disgraced," he said yesterday to the jury.

The subject of "gratifications" astutely entered largely into Mr. Gill's cross-examination of Mr. McCarthy. The K.C. suggested that the inspector had been deterred from prosecuting several notorious gambling-dens by "gratifications." There were no prosecutions until another inspector was entrusted with the duty of observing.

"Gratifications," too, Mr. Gill hinted, had led Mr. McCarthy to parade a couple of detectives—whom he was about to post on watch-dog duty near clubs—on the platform of Paddington Railway Station in full view of racegoers likely to be interested.

These insinuations Mr. McCarthy met with an indignant repudiation.

A desire to receive legitimate "gratifications" Mr. McCarthy admitted. Such "gratifications" are the fees paid for the guarding of wedding presents.

While on the subject of illegal "gratifications" Mr. McCarthy said that black sheep in all divisions receive them from bookmakers.

But it was about blackmailing "gratifications" that the judge asked the witness. The inspector said he knew nothing "one way or the other" of that. The case was adjourned.

GUARDIANS' 1d. A WEEK.

Judge Rules in Favour of Orphans Rather
Than Poor Law Authorities.

What the Judge described as a "most extraordinary application" was made by the West Ham Guardians at Bow County Court yesterday.

The eldest son of John Edwin Smith, a railwayman killed in 1904, was awarded £200 compensation. His father paid him weekly for his four infant brothers and sisters. Unable to maintain them, he sent them to the West Ham Workhouse, and the guardians now claimed 5s. 10d. a week for each child.

Judge Smyly: When the children are twelve years old there will be no money left; but if the money is retained for them, they may be apprenticed to start a new life. The money was to be spent on the children not the rates. I shall reduce the payment to the guardians to a penny a week. It is ridiculous to try and take this money away.

THOUGHT HIM AN ADMIRAL.

Benignly beaming between his mutton-chop whiskers, and arrayed in a lavishly gold-braided uniform, the parish beadle of Paddington appeared before Mr. Plowden at Marylebone Police Court yesterday to answer a charge of assault.

"Who is this?" inquired Mr. Plowden, smiling. He was told, "Oh," exclaimed the magistrate, "I thought he was an admiral."

The charge was dismissed.

Examiners of private Bills of the House of Lords have found that the Standing Orders have not been complied with in the case of the Great Central Railway petition for additional provision.

"ZOO" SPRING CLEAN.

Baboon and Tigress in Dudgeon Over
Their Discomforts.

They are "spring-cleaning" at the "Zoo," and all the animals are very cross.

Several new arrivals are especially given to sulking in corners and moping at meal-times. The worst offenders of all are Peter, the new baboon, and Minnie, the tigress.

Peter looks the picture of disgust. He told the *Daily Mirror* that his six feet of muscular baboonhood had been grossly insulted.

Scowling askance at a small boy he said: "Two of them opened the comfortable box I was temporarily staying in at the back, and began to push me with booms. Of course, I refused to move."

"Then three more men came, and the five of them at last got me in here."

"I am bruised and sore all over, and naturally feel very upset."

Minnie, the great Indian tigress, paced up and down the floor she has polished so nicely with her velvet paws, and roared angrily at her keeper. "I'm not really angry," she explained presently, "but I must keep up my dignity. So I've only eaten twenty pounds of meat all the week."

"They turned me out with a whip, and when I came back there was a lot of nasty green paint about. When I went to rub myself in the corner it came off, and how anybody can look at me without feeling ill I can't imagine. And the smell!"

"Do you think I'll come out well?" she asked anxiously when the camera had clicked. And being assured that it would, there came a sweet, contented smile upon the face of the tigress.

MONKEY'S LIFE WORTH £50,000.

Wonderful Achievements of Consul II., Shortly
To Appear in London.

Consul II., said to be the cleverest of all trained chimpanzees, and announced to appear next month in London, has been insured for £50,000 on a twenty per cent premium.

The announcement suggests, not perhaps with flattering reflections, that if a monkey is worth £50,000, what is the price of the average man?

Mr. Frank Bostock, Consul's manager, however, believes that if there is a link between man and monkey it is the chimpanzee.

He hopes to be able to teach Consul II. to talk. He affirms that already his pet can understand words not intended for his hearing—quite a human accomplishment.

FORTY COUNSEL BRIEFED.

Huge Scheme in the Lords To Supply London
with Electric Power.

The Select Committee of the House of Lords started yesterday the consideration of nine Bills relating to the supply of electricity in the metropolis.

The chief measure is the Administrative Company of London and District Electric Power Company's Bill, to which about 30 petitions in opposition have been lodged, and in which over forty counsel are briefed.

The company proposes to supply from huge generating stations at Woolwich, Greenwich, and Fulham electric power over an area embracing the City, Westminster, Battersea, Chelsea, Fulham, Hammersmith, Hampstead, Holborn, Paddington, Marylebone, and Wandsworth, Ealing, Acton, Southall, Hampton, Teddington, Twickenham, Richmond, Kingston, Sutton, Bromley, Beckenham, Penge, and parts of Essex.

It is claimed by the company that they will be able to produce electricity at 2d. a kilowatt, as compared with 4s. 1d. the cost at the existing power stations in London.

GYMNASTICS IN COURT.

To "get at" a witness a young and pretty woman named Ellen Clark took a flying leap out of the dock at Maidenhead yesterday.

She was seized by two police officers after a violent struggle, and was subsequently sentenced to two months' hard labour for wilful damage and assault.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 10 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for teething.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

PHILOSOPHY OF MUSTARD.

Why Does Civilised Man Eat Condiments with His Food?

"MESSES" DEPLORED.

Why do we eat mustard with beef? Why not take vinegar with ham? Since salt is present in most foods—chloride of sodium is its scientific title—why should man, alone among the animals, add it in large quantities to half the things he eats?

These are questions often asked, not only by children. The "Lancet," in a leading article this week, answers them somewhat fully.

Flavour is the essence of digestive success. Hunger is the best sauce, but failing hunger the appetite must be coaxed. It is because mutton is more digestible than beef, pork, or duck that mustard is commonly added to the three latter only. But this does not explain why the line should be drawn at mutton, or why, when sheep's flesh is boiled, caper sauce is regarded as indispensable.

Vinegar softens the fibre of both meat and vegetables; this, says the expert, makes it clear why it is added to lobster, salmon, and walnuts.

Soothing Influence of Pepper.

A little pepper has a soothing effect—assists the flow of digestive juices. But the "Lancet" deprecates "free indulgence." "No one must be very temperate with the pepper-pot, and resist its carminative blandishments.

Too much vinegar not only makes one anemic, but causes a tendency to gout. Beware of too much vinegar!

The prevailing preference for savoury "messes," instead of plain, simple food, is to be deplored; that is why modern teeth are deteriorating. And the bouquet and flavour of delicate wines are wasted, says the "Lancet," on the demoralised palate.

Salt is much more than a condiment. It "draws out" the flavour of food and facilitates the absorption of proteid. "Eat salt and grow fat" sounds a paradox, but appears sound logic.

And, finally, most condiments are antiseptic, and prevent undue fermentation. Yet who but Lewis Carroll has combined "pig and pepper"?

WORLD'S CHEAPEST BOOK.

Harnsworth's Encyclopædia Commences Publication Next Tuesday.

Only three more days remain, and the greatest literary scheme ever initiated will have become an accomplished fact. The great work, which has involved an enormous expenditure of capital, and has occupied the time of 500 specialists for many months past, will be placed at the disposal of the public for the insignificant sum of one halfpenny per day.

At the trivial cost of an evening newspaper every English-speaking man and woman will be able to tap the world's wisdom at its source, and to obtain for themselves at first hand whatever they may need of up-to-date information upon every question under the sun. "The Harnsworth Encyclopædia" will be an inexhaustible fountain of practical, reliable, and up-to-date knowledge.

No one need go in debt to secure "The Harnsworth Encyclopædia." No burdensome instalment system has to be faced. This latest and best of all works of reference will be issued in fortnightly parts, each containing 100 profusely illustrated pages, at the nominal sum of sevenpence per part; or, in other words, one halfpenny per day secures a reference library of permanent value.

Next Tuesday, March 21, will see the first instalment of "The Harnsworth Encyclopædia" on sale at all bookstalls and newsagents, price sevenpence. Owing, however, to the enormous demand, it will be very desirable to place an order for their regular delivery with the newsagent at once.

ELEPHANT AS COLLECTOR.

Stock Exchange Makes Noble Response to Salvationist's Novel Appeal.

By special request "Salvation" Smith's elephant was introduced yesterday to the "bulls" and "bears" at the Stock Exchange.

"Salvation" Smith's elephant, a picture of which appeared in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, is engaged in collecting funds for the Salvation Army during Self-Denial Week.

"Salvation" Smith is enthusiastic on the subject of the generosity of the members of the Stock Exchange.

"They call me," he said to the *Daily Mirror*, "but in the kindest manner, and quietly thrust sovereigns and £5 notes into my hand."

"Yesterday a member who had previously given me a sovereign, called me on one side and gave me four sovereigns more on account of an event in his family circle."

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

"Half-seas over," said a doctor at a Bradford police court, "is the condition I should describe a man as being in when he is unable to co-ordinate his muscular movements."

Mr. E. K. Muspratt, president of the Council of Liverpool University, has offered £10,500 for the extension of the chemical laboratories.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell, Strachur Park, Locklynside, are recipients of the King's Bounty. Three daughters were recently born to Mrs. Caldwell.

"Only fit for a hat-rack" was the description an inspector gave of a horse in a cruelty case at Birkdale. The animal, he said, was just a bag of bones.

A man who blew a tin whistle in the street for a living said at Newcastle that the most he made was two shillings a day. Sometimes he made a shilling, and sometimes only ninepence.

James Cross, a railway carter, who was charged at Manchester with having stolen a pound of hair from his horse's tail, has been acquitted on the ground that he merely pulled out the hair to trim the tail.

It is on record that when the Marquis of Salisbury, as Lord Cranborne, visited a cotton mill in his then constituency, the Darwen Division, he caught sight of some "cops," i.e., cotton yarn fresh from the spinning mill. "Are they candies?" innocently asked his lordship.

Too late the War Office has sent to Balfast a medal for meritorious service and an increase of pension for Sergeant-Major McCloy, who saved the life of his captain in Burnah fifty-two years ago. The veteran has been dead for some time.

Holcombe Hunt hounds were in full cry across the railway near Turton Station (Lanes), when an express train dashed through. Two of the pack were killed.

Estate duty to the amount of over £50,000 finds its way to the Exchequer by the death of Mr. Fred Gordon, a well-known Sunderland colliery-owner and shipbroker.

Two terrier dogs were caught worrying a flock of sheep on a farm at New Mills, in the Peak. Seven were already dead and twelve others were in a shocking condition. The dogs were traced to their owners.

At yesterday's meeting of the London Street Tramways Company, Mr. G. P. Fry said they would have to continue as a company until 1910. Until then he supposed they would continue to receive their £7,451 9s. from the North Metropolitan Tramways Company.

On the long and steep gradients in Bradford a new type of tramway-brake is being tried. A small motor compressor is fixed under the car, and this is worked from the axles of the wheels, the compressed air, which is controlled by the driver, forcing on the brakes by means of cylinders.

RUSSIA'S NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



It is officially announced that General Linievitch has been appointed to succeed General Kuropatkin as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, but since he was heard of as opposing Kuroki to the east of Mukden, nothing has been heard of him, and no one knows where he is.

Jersey has adopted, by 44 votes to 8, the principle of providing free education in all public elementary schools in the island.

In a compensation case before the Hull County Court a stevedore's widow, aged fifty-five, stated that she was the mother of twenty-three children, ten of whom were twins.

A gigantic ox on view in a butcher's shop in Ashton-under-Lyne excited much attention. When alive it weighed over a ton and a half, stood sixteen hands high, and had a back nearly four feet in breadth.

Whip-top, formerly considered a harmless amusement, is now regarded in certain districts as a crime. A number of boys were prosecuted for indulging in the pastime at Stockport, but were let off with a caution.

Boys half-smothered a watchman in his hut near the new waterworks which are being constructed for the Halifax Corporation. "Just for fun" they covered the chimney of his dwelling with tarpaulin during the night, and the smoke nearly choked him.

John Harrison, the young man who tried to throw himself from the lofty Valley Bridge at Scarborough, was bound over yesterday. Had not a lady pluckily held Harrison back until further assistance arrived he would have effected his purpose.

A Cape tarantula found in Leeds Market has been forwarded to the Zoological Gardens, London.

Mr. Frank Thomas, teacher of modern languages at the Blackburn Technical School, who has just died at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, had a thorough knowledge of fourteen tongues.

It is hoped to secure 20ft. of water up to Salney and Chester by the carrying out of an important scheme for improving the navigation of the Dee estuary. Works at a cost of £389,158 are recommended.

A great granite boulder, 20ft. long and three tons in weight, borne on a lorry in the Language Procession at Dublin, broke in halves on its return journey. It had been intended to form part of the ornamental mouldings of "Boss" Croker's Irish residence.

An old man of eighty named James Clyne has been found lying dead across the hearthstone of his cabin, near Strokestown, Roscommon. A few years ago Clyne received a legacy of £2,000, and this and the savings which he had hoarded up, were found intact.

Armed with a handbell, the rector of a small and scattered parish in South Norfolk visits the houses of outlying members of his flock. Then, in a stentorian voice he warns all and sundry of the pains and penalties to which they make themselves liable by their apathy.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE STORM.

Graphic illustrations of the tremendous damage done by the storm in various parts of the country are given on page 1.

There was a striking scene at Henley Railway Station when the roof was wrecked by lightning. Chimneys were hurled down at the same time, and the whole station was strewn with wreckage. One passenger waiting for a train was so impressed that he dropped on his knees on the platform and remained in prayer until the storm abated.

PARAPET BLOWN DOWN.

At St. Albans the pressure of wind was so great that chimneys were blown down, windows blown in, roofs ripped off, a baker's cart overturned, and, as shown in one of our photographs, a heavy brick parapet was broken off and blown flat on to the roof behind it.

LORD DALMENY'S PLUCKY RACE.

An interesting photograph of Lord Dalmeny, the Earl of Rosebery's eldest son, appears on page 8. It shows the young sportsman's horse clearing a formidable jump in the Heavy-weight Pytchley Steeplechase at Hopping Hill, Northamptonshire. The horse, Mercedes III., fell three times, but in spite of that Lord Dalmeny managed to ride in a winner.

GALLANT LIFEBOATMAN HONOURED.

Coxswain Clayson, of the Margate lifeboat, well deserved the honour paid him, when the mayor of the town presented him with the silver medal and certificate of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. On January 15 he took the boat out in terrible weather, and after her crew had taken her fifty miles out and back again, they managed to rescue and land the crew of the Malvoisin, who were utterly prostrated by exposure. This made the total number of lives saved by the boat 256.

ROYALTY IN EGYPT.

An interesting souvenir of the Duke of Connaught's visit to Egypt appears on page 9, where the young Prince of Sweden, who is betrothed to the Duke's daughter, appears side by side with his future bride.

Another foreign prince appears in a photograph on page 9. Prince Charles of Denmark, who is one of the small party accompanying Queen Alexandra to Lisbon, passed away the time while waiting in Portsmouth Harbour for the weather to moderate by taking a trip on the torpedo-destroyer Zephyr. The Prince wore his uniform as a Lieutenant of the British Navy, and seemed delighted with his little experience on a British warship.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S INAUGURAL VISIT.

The utter absence of pomp or ceremony that is characteristic of President Roosevelt is admirably illustrated in the photograph on our centre pages.

Mr. Roosevelt is walking up the steps of the Senate House on the occasion of his inaugural visit after his recent re-election, with an utter absence of attendants or ceremony worthy of an English Prime Minister walking into the House of Commons.

SAVIOUR OF APPLES.

Tiny Insect That Will Prevent Fruit Being Spoiled by Grubs.

"It is about the most domestic pest I have ever had anything to do with," says a Californian State Commissioner with reference to the newly-discovered parasite of the Codlin moth—the insect whose grub causes about half the apples grown to become windfalls.

The parasite is about half an inch long, less than half the length of its name, epithet carbonarius, and the female destroys the pupa of the Codlin moth with a stinger as long as itself. It deposits an egg on the pupa, which is stung to death by the act.

Millions of pounds are lost annually to the world's apple-growers, says a correspondent of the "Globe" by the voracious grub of the Codlin moth. The parasite is one of the most useful entomological discoveries of recent years.

There are to be no more grub-eaten apples to annoy cook and housewife and rejoice the untidy pig. Those who are propagating this "beneficial fly," says the Californian Commissioner, are confident that the Codlin moth is doomed. The parasite attacks no other insect; it is merely blessed with an insatiable appetite for the pupæ of the Codlin moth.

DON'T MISS THIS!—If you want to buy Watches, Clocks or Jewellery at a great reduction, visit SAUNDERS & LAWRENCE at once before sale ends. Genuine discount of 4s. in the £ off all marked prices (26-31) Liverpool, 97, Fleet-st.; 63, St. Paul's-churchyard; 276 and 277, Pall-mall-road, London.—[ADVT.]

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1905

WEATHER AND THE THRONE.

OUR boisterous spring weather has been behaving badly both to King Edward and to Queen Alexandra.

It has given His Majesty a troublesome cold, which keeps him indoors—the best place, indeed, during these days of sudden downpour; it has also kept our kind-hearted and beautiful Queen waiting for days at Portsmouth before starting on her voyage to Lisbon.

Fortunately, the King's general health continues to be wonderfully good. This is largely because he is wise enough to take precautions when slight ailments affect him, as in the present case. For one who is always so hard at work and so constantly travelling, he is very seldom troubled even by passing complaints. To have escaped a cold just now would have been unique good fortune. There is not one of His Majesty's subjects who has not felt in some way the effect of our capricious March climate.

As for Queen Alexandra, she has probably been rather glad of her unexpected rest from social duties during her stay on board the royal yacht in Portsmouth Harbour. Now and then it is a joyful relief to royalty to have a few off-days, when there is no tiring ceremonial to be attended, no urgent claims of social duty upon every waking hour.

To her Majesty such quiet times are especially grateful, for she is essentially a peace-lover, and likes nothing better than to spend a little time in domestic seclusion with favourite books and familiar friends.

SYSTEMATIC STARVATION.

Of all the pitiful problems of to-day none is more baffling or more painful than that of the hungry child.

The tragic report of Sir John Gorst, Lady Warwick, and the other surprise visitors to the Lambeth board school this week has wrung the heart of the country. Everybody is agreed that we must feed the poor mites who go to their lessons day after day without any breakfast and with small prospect of any proper dinner. But how is it to be done?

If parents know that all children who are hungry will be fed at school, there are, it is shameful to say, numbers who will deliberately send their boys and girls out with empty little stomachs in order that they themselves may have more to spend on drink or amusement.

Take the cases of three children charged at the Guildhall with begging. The father of one of them lies in bed all day and passes his evenings in a public-house. The parents of another were at a music-hall when the police went to tell them their little girl had been taken up. The third has a father who does no work, but somehow or other generally has money enough to be hanging over a beer-shop.

To relieve such wretches of their duty to the unfortunate little beings they have brought into the world would merely encourage other counsels and wastrels to follow their example. If the community care for their offspring, as the community clearly must, it is essential that they shall be made to pay the cost. The difficulty is to decide how to treat them if they refuse.

We can send them to prison, of course, but that would mean keeping them as well as their children at the taxpayers' and ratepayers' expense. Or we can make them paupers, which would have the same result. Neither of those plans would meet the case.

What we need is some new kind of machinery for coercing parents who are dead to their responsibilities—something like the German Compulsory Labour Settlements, where the rule is "No work, no food." How soon will it be before this pressing question is taken up?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Wretched and barren is the discontent that quarrels with its tools instead of with its skill; and, by criticising Providence, manages to keep up complacency with self.—*Dr. Martineau.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY is the fifty-seventh birthday of Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, one of the most popular and talented of Queen Victoria's children—and also one of the most modest. Ever since her marriage in 1873 Princess Louise has tried to live as far as possible as a private person. She avoids elaborate functions carefully, and her own entertaining consists mainly of a few quiet and select dinner-parties, many of which have been given at Kensington Palace, which is really her favourite home. She is one of the few royal personages, too, who manage their own household without the intervention of stewards, housekeepers, or "chief butlers." She even used to carve, like an ordinary housewife at dinner.

When her husband (he was then Lord Lorne) was appointed Governor-General of Canada, the Princess had to lead a rather more official life than suited her. She managed to walk about the city of Ottawa, however, pretty freely. Once she walked into a shop there to order a clock for her boudoir at the Governor-General's residence, which was called Rideau Hall. The shopkeeper, not recognising her, became tiresome over the merit of

a special kind of clock he had. It seemed that this clock could do everything. Finally the Princess, to cut him short, asked ironically if "there was anything else the clock could do." That annoyed the shopman, so he replied impertinently, "Yes, it can go—if you wind it up." "Very well, then," was the reply, "send it to Rideau Hall." Then the man became aware of his mistake, and was overcome with confusion.

The feeling which found expression in a "Times" political note yesterday, that the Government is safe for the present, is just the feeling which, in the opinion of the Conservative Whips, is Mr. Balfour's greatest danger. Sir Alexander Acland-Hood told me only a few days ago that if once the Prime Minister's supporters were reassured as to the Government's position, defeat would be almost certain to come. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" is the text Sir Alexander would like every Unionist M.P. to paste inside his hat as a constant danger signal.

That portion of society which manages every year to escape to Egypt from the terrors of an English winter is beginning to venture home, which is always a sign that spring is in sight. One who

is expected back soon from Cairo is Lady Howe, whose journey was prompted by reasons of health. She fell seriously ill last year of a kind of nervous breakdown, brought on, I imagine, by overwork in connection with the thousand and one charitable and society schemes which she invariably has on hand. She was unable to attend any but the first of the state balls last season, and was so weak when she finally left England that she had to be actually carried out of her house.

Lady Howe has always been very friendly with the King and Queen, who made frequent inquiries after her condition. After the King's illness, in 1902, I remember that she was one of the first people whom he consented to see. Lady Sarah Wilson, Lady Howe's sister, by the way, has been staying in Egypt with her, and the other day nearly had a very serious accident there. She was crossing in a small boat to Assouan, and fell overboard. Luckily her sister's husband, Lord Howe, was there, and he jumped in to her rescue. Lady Sarah is quite used to danger. It would not have surprised me to hear that she had swum to land unaided.

Lady Sarah had the most delightful time during the war. She went out with her husband, Major Gordon Wilson, and their relative, Colonel Baden-Powell. She was in Mafeking at the time of the siege, but was not allowed to stay in the town. She went out about fifteen miles from it, and consoled herself by absence by sending pigeons with messages to the town. The pigeons, with irritating perversity, made straight for the Boer commandant, and informed him where Lady Sarah was. Still, I am sure she liked being a prisoner of war. Her husband, it is worth remembering, was able, as a little Eton boy, to save Queen Victoria's life. He knocked down a lunatic who tried to attack her at Windsor Station once.

Nos. 16 and 17, Bruton-street, have been the scene of a pretty "next-door" romance lately. Next-door neighbours are generally not on speaking terms, but here is an exception, since the youngest son of Lord and Lady Stratheden and Campbell, who live at No. 17, and the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oppenheim, who live at No. 16, have just become engaged. Mr. and Mrs. Oppenheim are very well known as a faultless host and hostess. It was at their house in Mayfair that the present Duchess of Marlborough, very shy and unknown to society, appeared first after her arrival from America. Mrs. Oppenheim was a Miss Isabel Butler, a granddaughter of the thirteenth Lord Dunboyne.

M. André Messager is certainly favoured by fortune just now. His charming "Veronique," now well past its 300th performance, is still being played to enthusiastic and crowded houses, and bids fair to keep its place for a long time yet. At the same time, Mr. George Edwards is busy rehearsing another opera by M. Messager at Daly's Theatre. The composer has always been anxious to make his mark in England, and in order to make himself as English as possible he married an Englishwoman, the beautiful composer of songs, Miss Hope Temple. Also, he is one of the few Frenchmen who have realised that, if you want to dress in English fashion, you must not wear a bowler hat and a swallow-tail coat.

Major Jameson, who has just been distinguishing himself by a contest of words with the electorate at West Ham, is a man of polemical position. He is no mincer of matters. Thus at his West Ham meeting he repeatedly urged the audience to "shut your row" and "hold your noise," which the audience refused to do. As a parting shaft, amid the ungovernable uproar, the major, who was becoming very peppery, was heard to invite one of the interrupters to "go and boil himself," and was seen to sink, exhausted with this taunt, into his seat. The major is sometimes equally amusing in the House. He used to wear duck-trousers and a luminant button-hole there, and his political enemies used to say that such garments disqualified him as a serious statesman.

Ask any ten people how long the Duke of Cambridge has been dead. Nine of them would say, "Oh, three or four years, isn't it?" It certainly seems more than a year since he died, yet yesterday was the first anniversary. How quickly all traces of him have disappeared! His house at the corner of Piccadilly and Park-lane has been pulled down. He left no successor to the title, for all his children were morganatic. His art treasures have been dispersed under the auctioneer's hammer. Poor, kind-hearted, irascible old gentleman, how soon thou hast been forgotten!

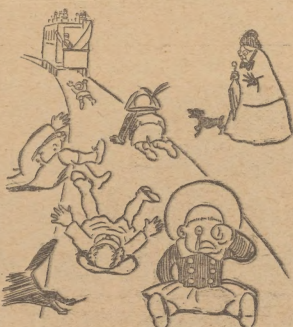
The Bishop of London has not been very friendly towards the Torrey-Alexander mission, but he has adopted one of the Albert Hall preacher's methods. Every day, before he begins his address, Dr. Torrey reads out letters he has received, and, if necessary, replies to them. A few nights ago the Bishop of London did the same thing at St. Paul's, Onslow-square, reading out and discussing general letters that had reached him on the subject of his previous sermons there. The West End congregation seemed rather surprised by the innovation.

IN MY GARDEN.

This feature will to-day be found on page 11.

EDUCATION ACCORDING TO MR. BERNARD SHAW.

[In a lecture just delivered Mr. Bernard Shaw has been laying down new rules for education. This is how our cartoonist thinks his ideas would work out.]



Mr. Shaw would have children taught to get on and off tramcars.



He thinks all religious teaching should be controversial.



Fortune-telling ought to be included in the list of subjects.



And the art of dressing (in Jaeger) should not be neglected.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Linievitch.

HE was the original commander of the Russian army in Manchuria. Then Kuropatkin was put over him. Now he is in chief command again, and has a chance to prove the truth of what he said when he was superseded: "It is the Emperor's will, and I submit; but the future will show who is the more fit for the place."

He is undoubtedly the only Russian leader who has been in any way successful. As commander of the Vladivostok division he planned the famous cruiser raid, and in the great battle of Mukden he distinguished himself by his defence against Kuroki, breaking up the Japanese Imperial Guard of 5,000 men, and then by his mastery retreat to Tieling with his forces, which he reached without panic.

He is the idol of the Russian soldiers, not only for his generosity, but for his personal character. He is one of themselves, and has fought his way up from the ranks—a rare thing in the army of the Tsar.

Sixty-seven years of age, he is a fine soldierly-looking man and wonderfully active, but for a limp, the result of an old wound in his foot during the Turkish war.

His neatly-cut white beard, white moustache, and well-built figure strike one at once, and his modesty and bravery complete the good impression as one gets to know him better.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Hemispheres.

"I see they have captured the cleverest hotel robber in London."
"Indeed! Which hotel did he keep?"—"Puck."

"Has Count Gustenegg given up his automobile?"

"Yes; his tailor bought one which went quicker, so he was never safe from him."—"Fenster-gucker" (Austrian).

Husband: Where are you going now? This is the third night you have been out this week.

Wife (reproachfully): But, John, I have to go to a club meeting. We've a very interesting discussion on "How to Make the Home Pleasant."—"New York Herald."

"Don't you enjoy Wagner better when you've heard his operas several times?"

"I do, certainly. After a while they scarcely worry me at all. I hardly notice them."—"Fischetto" (Italian).

Little Charley: It's six o'clock. Let's go home. Tiny Tim: No. If we go home now we shall be licked for staying out so late. If we stay till eight o'clock we shall get hugged and kissed for not being drowned.—"Kladderatsch" (German).

NEWS-~~PHOTOGRAPHS.~~

SALVATIONIST STOCKBROKER AND HIS WIFE.



Mr. "Salvation" Smith, the stockbroker, who has been for twenty-two years a member of the Salvation Army, is very busy this week collecting subscriptions for the army's self-denial fund from members of the Exchange.

EARL ROSEBERY'S SON WINS A STEEPLECHASE.



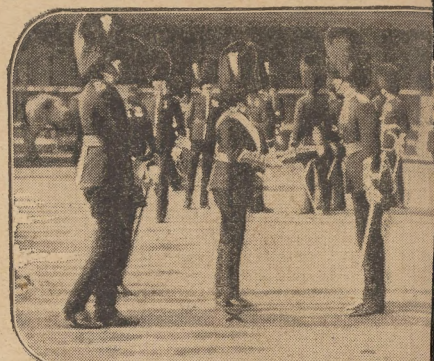
Lord Dalmeny fell three times while riding Mercedes III. in the Heavy Weight Pytchley Steeplechase at Hopping Hill, Northamptonshire, but nevertheless he managed to win. Here he is seen clearing Loder's Brook.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN LONDON—EARL ROBERTS



Many flower-sellers were busy selling shamrock yesterday in the City.



Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who is indicated in the photograph, is seen walking to the Irish Guards at Chelmsford.

SPRING CLEANING CAUSES TROUBLE AT THE



These men are painting the interior of a tiger's cage, the tiger being shut out in his sleeping den.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)



Irritated by the smell of paint, the tiger is roused to wrath.

BOY PASSIVE RESISTER.

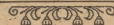


Though only fourteen years old, R. W. Fyson appeared before the Newmarket justices as a passive resister, it being stated that he had failed to pay rates on some property which he owned.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ENTERS

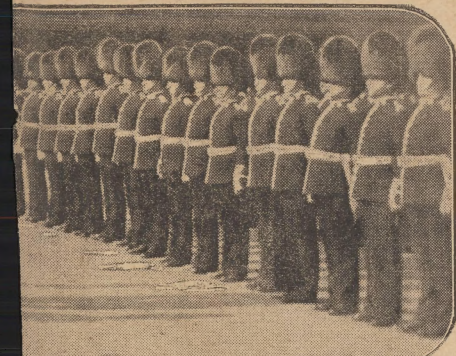


President Roosevelt entering the Senate Chamber for re-election. The President is in the center of the group.



MIRROR, CAMERAGRAPHS.

ARTS DISTRIBUTING THE QUEEN'S SHAMROCK.



ph by a cross, distributing Queen Alexandra's gift of shamrocks to the Guards in the barracks.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

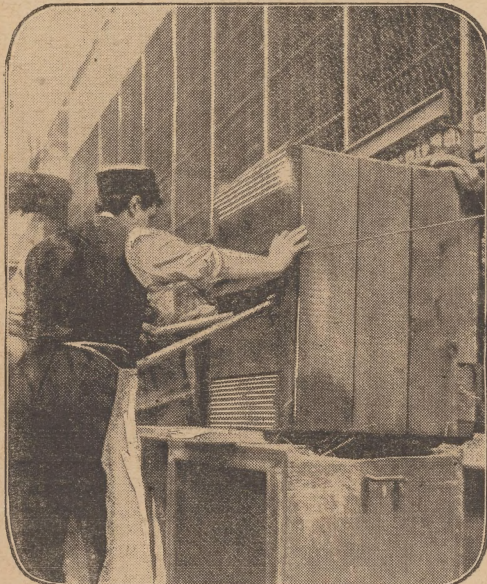


Found a ready sale for Ireland's emblem in London streets.

DO—AN ANGRY TIGER AND A FURIOUS BABOON.

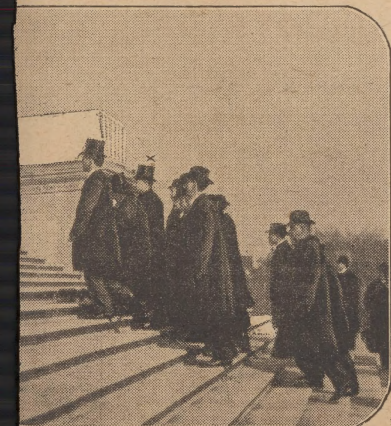


of paint, this tiger was in a fury of rage.



For two whole days Peter, the gigantic West African baboon, refused to re-enter his repainted cage.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

URING THE SENATE CHAMBER.



at Washington for the inaugural ceremony after his election.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

LIFEBOATMAN HONoured.



Coxswain Clayson, the Margate lifeboatman to whom the Mayor of Margate publicly presented the silver medal and certificate of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution for gallant services.

ROYAL FAMILY PARTY ON A HOLIDAY.



Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught with their two daughters, the Princesses Margaret and Patricia, and their prospective son-in-law, the Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden. This photograph was taken during the recent visit to Cairo.—(Ditrich.)

DANISH PRINCE VISITS ENGLISH WARSHIP.



The Queen's party being detained in Portsmouth Harbour by the bad weather, Prince Charles of Denmark, who is indicated in this photograph by a cross, seized the opportunity to don his uniform as lieutenant of the British Navy, and paid his first visit thus attired to a British warship, the torpedo destroyer Zephyr.—(Cribb.)

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

THE BURGLARY AT THE BANK.

It was not often that Mr. Butler, manager of the Le-street branch of the London and South-ern Bank, had occasion to visit his offices at business hours. But a banking business is no other; a bank manager is a man upon whose shoulders rests much responsibility. Mr. Butler had been worried during the four years which had elapsed since he put on his coat and hat and left the building at five o'clock. It was a tricky calculation that worried him, and he was not quite certain, as he dallied over his coffee, whether or not he was on the eve of making a great mistake. That is why, contrary to his custom, he seated his electric brougham, drove to the City, and seated himself again in his office, with his feet to the safe and the big ledgers before him on the table.

His brow was wrinkled in thought, and his keen eyes rapidly flew over the bewildering mass of figures. He became absorbed in his work, so that, indeed, that he did not hear the creak of a little door on his left, nor did there fall upon him the soft breathing of a man at his side.

A few moments later he was startled by feeling something cold pressed against his temple. The gliding multitude of figures which were swimming in his brain melted away, for he was looking down the barrel of a revolver, then along the side which held it, and the arm, until his grey eyes rested on the face of the man. The first he had been to the revolver, and he instantly recognised it as his own. In the face of the man he held the revolver he recognised the features of George Carrington, lately one of his own clerks. Leaned back in his chair and sighed heavily, said nothing.

AN IMPERTURBABLE VICTIM.

You look surprised, Mr. Butler," said the burglar as he stealthily crept round the table. "But be afraid; I am not going to shoot you unless make a row."

You have come to rob the office?"

Yes, sir, that is my intention. You have saved a great deal of trouble. The safe is open, the securities, there is money there. I am going to have them, and I am going to secure you that you cannot disturb me."

Indeed," said the banker in a chilly tone, "this is a desperate enterprise of yours, Mr. Carrington."

Mr. Carrington grinned.

Desperate! I demand desperate remedies," replied. "You sacked me, Mr. Butler."

The banker pursed his lips. "Quite true," he said. "I sacked you."

Not of my fault, said the burglar.

Exactly, Mr. Carrington, for no fault of your own. Matter of reduction of staff, that's all. Something had to go, and it fell to your fate."

That was two months ago, Mr. Butler. Since you have not cared how I have fared, I am sure you shrugged his shoulders somewhat impatiently.

It is not my business," he said. Then, after a pause, "So you are going to rob the bank, eh?"

I'm going to ask you to hand out all the money I've got in that safe. I'm going to gag you and you so that you won't create a disturbance. I won't hurt you, Mr. Butler; don't fear that."

Oh, no," said the banker quickly. "I don't fear you will hurt me; that is, I don't think I sustain much physical damage at your hands."

MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER LXI.

Write the vision, and make it plain upon the tables, that he may run that readeth it.—HABAKKUK, II, 2.

Oh, Jo, not alone?" said Billy.

Why not?" asked Joan. "It's perfectly safe. Not a bit tired. I should so like to go up again. I'm not a bit tired."

Well, take a coat with you. I'll be very cold about a quarter of an hour. I'll run up and see you when we're ready."

She got to the door, and began to climb the steps again, with swift, sure feet.

A quarter of an hour brought her to the little room on which the chapel was built. She did not stop to look at the view this time; but went straight in, not noticing that the wicket and the door were wide open now, while Billy had shut them when they came down.

She had hardly entered the chapel than she realised that she was not alone. A man stood by the altar, gazing up at the crude, stiff Madonna in the blue cloak.

Joan stood just outside the doorway of the chapel, with the sunshine behind her, and coolness within almost more overpowering than the heat, because of the heavy scent of the flowers, saw the man's figure standing by the altar with his back to her, all the obscurity and mystery of these strange happenings became like a cloud lifted to reveal a landscape, and she understood the meaning of her dream.

It is the other thing I am thinking about—the mental hurt."

"They can't blame you," said the burglar.

"I'm afraid they will," said the banker dubiously.

"Banks are robbed time and again. It is nobody's fault; but the manager doesn't get praised."

"I suppose not," said the burglar reflectively.

The banker looked up suddenly, and his clear, grey eyes rested upon the young man's face.

"Now then, George Carrington, what's your trouble? Out with it."

The other mumbled.

"I was hardly done by," he said, in a sullen tone. "I ought not to have been sacked. I was in debt. My house was cleared of its furniture, and I had to sell myself, and my child were left to starve. I had been sacked from a bank, and when I wanted another position, nobody would give it me. I never robbed a man of a farthing in my life. I was driven to desperation."

A CHANGE OF FRONT.

"That's hard," said the banker. "But, realise, George Carrington, what you are going to do. You are going to rob this bank. At present the matter rests lightly upon your mind. You will probably get away safely. You will flee to America, or somewhere. You may set up in business and become a successful man. But have you ever thought of what will come after, when you get, say, my age? Then will be the time for you to regret, and to shun the sight of every honest man, your soul blackened, and your mind uneasy for evermore."

The other was silent.

"I have in my pocket," continued the banker, "the sum of £50 in Bank of England notes. I am going to give you these notes so that you can make a fresh start in life. I have also in my pocket-book a letter from a good friend of mine in the Argentine Republic, who requires an under-manager in his bank. The salary is 150 dollars a month, with rooms over the bank. I am going to write a letter to my friend suggesting you as the most likely candidate for the position. There is no necessity to wait for my reply, for I have been asked to send out the man whom I think best, by a boat which leaves Albert Docks on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock."

The burglar's jaw had dropped. His eyes were staring wildly into those of the banker.

"You don't mean—" he commenced.

"I never say anything that I don't mean," said the banker. "He drew forth his pocket-book, took out some notes, then calmly wrote a short letter."

The burglar grasped the notes. He looked with swimming eyes at the letter which had been written. But he was not fool enough to let the point of the revolver drop. He crushed the notes and the letter into his pocket. Then, with a burst of feeling, he flung the revolver from him.

"By the way, Mr. Carrington," said the calm, imperturbable banker, "don't make a scene. You had better go now." He got up and held out his white hand to the burglar.

"But, before you go, there's one little thing I want to say to you. That revolver which you took from my inner office was not loaded, and during the whole of our conversation you have been sitting in a chair which contains a patent electrical device. It would have electrocuted you in the briefest possible space of time conceivable had I merely pressed this button which is on the leg of the chair at my side."

"Good-bye, and good luck."

She was not astonished; she asked herself no questions. Her mind was still intensely receptive, and purged, through her long illness, of much of the complexity and denseness attendant on the ordinary traffic of the world that, in the normal individual, is like a heavy and impenetrable curtain dropped between him and the things that are not seen.

Indeed, speculation would have been useless in the face of this revelation of the meaning of her dream.

Whether it was that some suggestion had been spun, like a thread of light, from the brain of the man to hers, causing them both to suddenly desire to visit this lonely spot, because it was meant that they should meet here, or whether it was merely an amazing coincidence, it mattered not. The result was the same.

Joan entered the chapel and saw Anthony Heron. He turned and saw her.

In her dream the most marked impression had been of utter solitude. She had told Billy more than once that there had been no living soul present when she saw this beautiful vision in her sleep.

And yet she was not surprised when she saw the man. It came to her that, after all, she had known subconsciously that the chapel and its beautiful surroundings were but a setting for something that was to happen there. This was but the fitting culmination.

It was to be a meeting—a meeting, and a farewell.

It was otherwise with Anthony Heron. When first he turned, and saw the tall, slim figure in the doorway, he thought it was some vision conjured up out of his thoughts, out of his unutterable longing, that was with him night and day.

Then, when the girl approached him, he drew his hand across his eyes, and she was still there, she was real. And he trembled, as before a miracle.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

JU-JITSU AT HOME.

Can "ju-jitsu" be learnt at home?

We are out in the country here, but we should like to pick it up, so that it could be used in self-defence.

I shall be glad if anyone could tell me whether there is any text-book issued on it.

Hallowtrow, Somerset. E. F. HARMAN.

"DEARTH OF HAIRDRESSING TALENT."

I should like to tell your American correspondent that I have never experienced any difficulty in getting my hair shampooed at a reasonable charge.

I have no doubt at all that, should I require "a shampoo, brush, and tonic rubbed in," I should have no difficulty in getting it done as well and as cheaply in London as it can be done in America.

Apparently your correspondent either does not know London or has been unfortunate in her choice of hairdressers.

LONDONER.

FLIRTATION OR FRIENDSHIP?

I am twenty-four, and I keep house for my father and four brothers. Naturally I see a great many men.

With numbers of them I am good friends, though heart-whole, and do not wish to be otherwise. Yet I find to my great annoyance that I have been several times called "a flirt."

What is flirting? How does it differ from friendship? Can there be any harm in a girl chatting to a man just as she might to another girl? That is all I have done. Am I a flirt? WORRIED.

SHORT WEIGHT IN BREAD.

My cook remarked the other day that the quarter (for 4lb.) loaves we have seemed to be getting smaller.

I told her to weigh them carefully, and she found that they were all from eight to ten ounces short weight. Ours is a large household, and I reckoned I was being robbed of nearly 10lb. of bread a week.

I should recommend all housekeepers to follow my example, and have their loaves weighed every now and then.

A. M. C.

Palace Gardens-terrace, W.

SMOKING IN THE HOME.

I do not agree with "A Wife Whom Smoking Disgusts." But I am a non-smoker because I believe smoking is injurious to health.

Is there any *Daily Mirror* reader who can prove otherwise? If anyone can convince me of any good to be derived from smoking, I will start to-morrow.

H. L. GREEN.

Do women realise that tobacco fumes act as a disinfectant? Staunch users of the weed are seldom taken down with severe illnesses. It is the non-smoker who is heir to deadly diseases.

After a man has been working hard all day, what pleasure can he participate at home if he is debarr'd his pipe or cigar? Smoking is one of man's greatest pleasures—a pleasure that can truly be called innocent.

AN OUNCE A DAY.

Kirkdale, Sydenham.

Will "A Constant Reader," who wrote calling attention to a sad case of destitution, forward particulars of the case with his own name and address?

To him there had come no dream, nor any fore-shadowing that this lonely little chapel was to play a great part in the drama of his life. Perhaps his mind was not attuned to such subtle chords, not open to such fine impressions.

Restless, weary, with a sudden physical craving for the pure air of the mountains upon him, he had left Monte Carlo yesterday in his motor-car, explored one of the valleys, slept the night at a primitive inn, and pushed on still further.

He had reached this place of the tryst that had been made for them by greater powers than their own wills by another road than the one on which Joan had come. On the other side was a shut in valley, and he had followed that. Seeing this rocky eminence towering up with a rough path hewn in it, he had guessed that from the other side there must be a splendid view. And he had left his Mercedes and climbed up, and following the track round the rock, had found the chapel, and entered it.

And so the sight of Joan affected him as if with his mortal eyes he had seen a vision from another world, far more powerfully than the sight of him affected her, who had seen the place of their meeting in a dream, and to whom it could never have been like any other spot on earth, but must inevitably have held something of tremendous import in her life.

It seemed an eternity before he spoke, as she came forward; and to anyone who had observed them, it would have seemed that it was the man who had been down into the valley of the dark shadow, for his face was grey and haggard and the light had gone out of his eyes and the spring from his walk and the indomitable youth from his fine, free carriage. The girl, on the contrary, although pale and grave, had the glow of health in her skin, and a calm and serene light was in her eyes, and a strange, abashed smile on her lips.

(Continued on page 11.)


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PRIZE AWARDS FOR CLEVER CHILDREN, AND A NEW COMPETITION.

JUVENILE PRIZE WINNERS.

A FIVE-SHILLING PRIZE OFFERED FOR NEXT WEEK.

The end of the competition has been very exciting, and it has been a very close contest between several of our young readers. The sender of the best drawing this week is again:—

JOYCE BURGESS (aged fifteen),
The Ridge, Chipping Sudbury,
Gloucestershire.

So she wins the First Prize of £1. The Second Prize of 10s. is won by Ida Beer (age eight), 6, Freemantle-road, Eastville, Bristol; and the Third Prize of 5s. goes to Willie F. M. Edwards (aged ten), 22, New Church-road, Hove. Capital drawings have been sent in by Florence Hales, Edward Davidson, and Gwen White; also by two very young readers, Ellen Victoria Spare (age seven) and Dorothy Keach (age nine). I hope that all these will try again for our New Weekly Competition.

To the boy or girl who fills in the drawing on this page the best we shall give a prize of 5s. The drawing must have the name and address of the competitor carefully attached to it, and must be sent to the Children's Corner, the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., by Wednesday morning next.

"MY DIARY," BY DICK.

In Lent Mabel Jane and I always save up for our East End missionary boxes.

Mother says we ought to make it a time of self-denial.

I asked her if I might deny myself my cod-liver oil every day, and send the whole bottle down to one of the poor little boys in the East End that we are collecting for.

Of course, Mabel Jane interferred, but I talked louder than she did.

"I think," I said, "it would be much kinder to send them something really good for them."
"What you ought to do," said Mabel, "is to send them something that you like yourself best. Why don't you give them your Russian soldiers? I shall send Sarabelle."

Nose in the Air.

I always want to pull Mabel Jane's hair when she puts her nose in the air and talks in her superior tone. But I denied myself, partly because it was Lent and partly because I knew mother would punish me.

"Your oldest doll?" I said. "Why don't you send them Miranda?" She could not say anything to that, so I got the best of it.

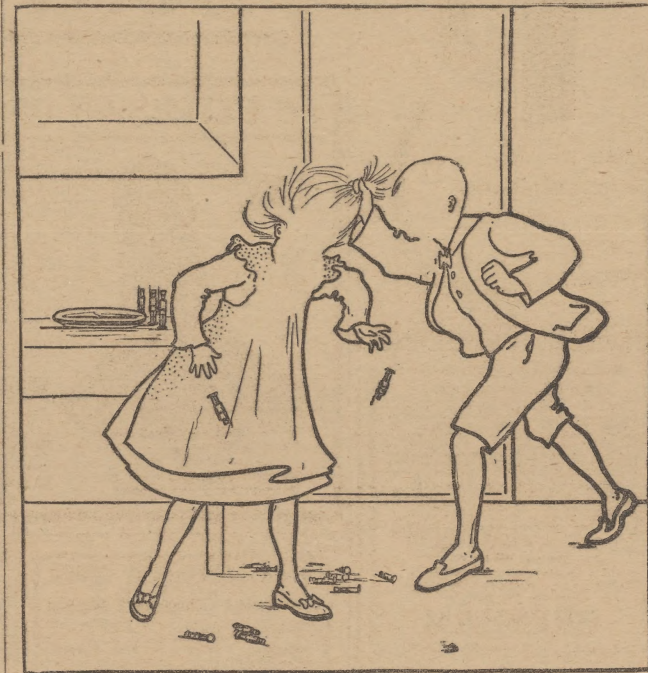
On Saturdays we always have an orange after dinner, and last Saturday mother said to us: "Which would you rather have, your oranges or a penny each for your missionary-boxes?"

Mabel Jane thought a minute or two, and then said she would rather have the penny. I looked

at the oranges with their lovely, shiny skin that sprouts out the juice when you squeeze it. And then I turned my head away and said that I would have the penny for my box, too. I couldn't have enjoyed eating even an orange with Mabel Jane sitting and looking on with a pious, shocked air, and making remarks about poor little boys who had no dinner.

Mother said we were very good children, and gave us each our penny and then she told us we might get down and go up to the nursery. I had somehow hoped that we should get the oranges, too, as a reward for our self-denial, but mother did not suggest it. As I gave a parting look at the dish of oranges I felt my mouth water and thought I had never seen anything look so good.

Then I had a brilliant idea.
"Mother," I said, "couldn't you give us each half an orange and a halfpenny for our boxes?"



Dick was greedy and selfish, and ate up the quarter-orange Mabel Jane was saving for herself, so Mabel Jane swept Dick's soldiers on to the floor, and then there was a dreadful scene.

Mother laughed, and said it was not a bad notion, but she hoped that next Saturday we should give up our whole oranges.

My orange had disappeared in no time. Half a one seems to go so very much quicker than a whole one, even although I ate all the white skin that nurse always tells us to leave. Mabel Jane peeled her half very carefully, and broke it up into quarters, of which she ate one and put the rest on one of the dinner-service plates on the window-sill. Then she went off and played with Miranda.

I had my soldiers on the window-sill, and the plate of orange was very much in the way. Besides, it looked so good all beautifully peeled like that.

There was a great battle going on between the Russians and the Japanese, and I suddenly thought that the orange would do for the Russian stores. I, of course, was fighting for the 'Japs, and, of

course, we won, and took the whole of the Russian army prisoners and captured the stores. And I ate up the stores.

Just as I had finished Mabel Jane came up and saw the empty plate, and said:

"Where is my orange?"

"What orange?" I said. "That I left on the plate? You've eaten it, Dick." "Orange?" I said. "Oh, that was the Russian stores, and the Japanese captured and ate them."

Mabel grew scarlet in the face. She seized her doll's parrot.

"Then I'll tell the Japanese," she said, and swept all my soldiers on to the floor. I flew at her, and pulled her hair, and then nurse came up and separated us. I was sent to bed and had dry bread for tea.

I was talking it over with mother afterwards, and she said it all came of my being so selfish and not wanting to deny myself a luxury to get necessities for poor children. Next Saturday I mean to give up my whole orange.

(To be continued.)

WHITE SALES.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

On Monday next Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Oxford-street, begin their thirteenth annual sale of household linen and lace curtains, and at the same time will offer three special purchases of lace and silk blouses, art needlework, and the latest boots and shoes.

The art needlework department should appeal to every embroiderer most emphatically, for a manufacturer's stock of about 500 pieces of ribbon and silk embroidery work ready begun in satin, moire, and Empire silk, with materials to complete the work, are to be sold at a uniform price of 1s. 11d. each, though the usual prices range from 9s. 11d. to 21s. 9d. a piece.

AT PONTING BROTHERS.

A week's white sale is also to be held by Messrs. Ponting Brothers, of High-street and Wright's-lane, Kensington. The firm has secured some very large stocks from the actual Ulster and Nottingham manufacturers of peasant-made underclothing, lace, household drapery, and so forth, so the opportunity will be an unusually good one. Among the bargains are some excessively pretty cambric undershirts inset with lace and trimmed with beautiful embroidery.

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Cambridge Taper, 2s. 3d. post free. Coloured in extra.

Money returned if not satisfied. Mentis a Paper.

FRANCIS & CO., Exchange St., Norwich.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

reason why these people came into the world and came into contact with each other."

She paused a moment. Tony gazed at her as a man gazes on his uttermost desire, but with a grave reverence as well, as if he realised well enough that to a child in heart great truths may be revealed.

Then she went on, and her voice lost some of its mysticism and became so poignantly human that the very atmosphere seemed to vibrate with its tenderness.

"But all that seemed so difficult to me," she said. "I could not understand it, and I remember how I longed with all my soul, that felt so strangely free, to hear something that would be easier and more comforting. And then I seemed to know at once that the simple way is the way that we have always known, and that wrong can be atoned for by suffering, and that, if we try to do right, we shall be forgiven. And when I came back from that strange place, and grew stronger,

I knew what it meant. We shall be forgiven, if we try to do right; and it is not right for us to be happy here on earth together, so we must go our different ways. But I am sure that there is no hatred, no cruelty on the other side of death, but a great forgiveness—and some day, I think, somewhere—we shall meet again."

Once more she paused, and then spoke again, and her voice took on even a finer gradation of tenderness.

"I have said it so badly," she said, with a smile of almost supernatural radiance. "I seem to find no words. I have made it sound poor and foolish, but, when I heard it, it was such a beautiful message. It seemed to me that there was everything in it—love and forgiveness and hope."

"Blue Eyes," said the man, "I have listened to your message, and it came from Heaven—but to Heaven I shall never reach."

"You will reach the place where I shall meet you," she said with quiet confidence, "otherwise the message would be wrong."

"And until then?"

"We must part."

"No," I cannot part from you."

"You must."

"Child, you do not understand. There are things stronger than dreams and messages. They are here and now. I could take you away down the other side of the rock. That is all I want. The motor-car is there. I could carry you away and have you for my own. And, really," he added, with a sudden note of his old dominating power, "you should be glad!"

Joan shook her head.

"But then," she said, "we should never meet again."

Tony laughed aloud. His laugh had a wild sound; it would have appeared a derision, but the mass of flowers seemed to muffle it, and the echo of it came back plaintive, almost resigned.

"And to this myth of future meeting," he said, "I am to sacrifice the joy of life!"

"You will," she replied gravely.

"I suppose I shall—because you say so. I believe in you. You are the only link between me

and something better than myself. And what is to happen to me?"

"You will live your life."

"And you?"

"I will live mine."

"And this is good-bye?"

"Yes—Good-bye."

"Nothing will change you?"

"Nothing."

"And here we part?"

"Yes, here we part—for this world."
"And I will go down one side of this rock—and you the other, Blue Eyes, and two motor-cars will take us to two different places—and that will be the end?"

"No, not the end."

"Ah, child, I cannot think as you do! I have no faith. For me it is good-bye—for ever."

"You have not been near to death," she said.

"Some day, perhaps, you will understand!"

He took her arm and led her up to the altar.

"Stand here, Blue Eyes," he said. "I found you one day by a picture of Madonna, and by a picture of Madonna I will take leave of you. Look round this little place! It is full of flowers. It is decked for a bride—or for one who is dead."

"Good-bye," she said. "Do not be sad!"

He looked at her. His eyes took in every atom of her visible being, but he knew that her soul was more beautiful still. He was not very near to her. He did not attempt to approach her. There are some emotions that are too deep for any physical manifestation, even for the passionate, despairing embrace of a farewell.

"Good-bye," she said again.

"Blue Eyes," he whispered, "call me what you called me before anything, anybody came between us."

"Good-bye—Mr. Anthony."

"Good-bye!"

She turned and walked towards the door. A single little bunch of violets lay on the altar at Madonna's feet. He took them and crushed them in his clenched fingers, and could not turn his head to watch her go.

(To be continued.)

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